

[Acx III]

Cecil Grckahi. But I like talking to a brick wall—
it's the only

thing in the world that never contradicts me!
Tuppy!

Lord Augustus. "Well, what is it? What is it?"

[*Rising and going over to Cecil*

Graham.

Cecil Graham. Come over here. I want
you particularly!

[*Aside.*] Darlington has been moralizing and
talking about
the purity of love, and that sort of thing, and
he has got

some v/oman in his rooms all the time.

Lord Augustus. No, really! really!

Cecil Graham. [*In a low voice.*] Yes, here is her
fan.

[*Points to the fan.*

Lord Augustus. [*Chuckling.*] By Jove! By Jove!

Lord Windermere. [*Up by door*] I am

really off now, Lord

Darlington. I am sorry you are leaving

England so soon.

Pray call on us when you come back! My

wife and I will

be charmed to see you!

Lord Darlington. [*Up stage with Lord Windermere*]

I am afraid

I shall be away for many years. Good night!

Cecil Graham. Arthur!

Lord Windermere. What?

Cecil Graham. I want to speak to you for a
moment. No,

do come!

Lord Windermere. [*Putting on his coat*] I can't—

I'm off!

Cecil Graham. It is something very particular.

It will interest

you enormously.

Lord Windermere. [*Smiling*] It is some of your

nonsense, Cecil.

Cecil Graham. It isn't! It isn't really.

Lord Augustus. [*Going to him.*] My dear fellow,
you mustn't

go yet. I have a lot to talk to you about.

And Cecil has

something to show you.

Lord Windermere. [*Walking over*] Well, what is
it?

Cecil Graham. Darlington has got a woman here
in his rooms.

Here is her fan. Amusing, isn't it? [A

pause.

Lord Windermere. Good God!

[*Seises the Jan—Dumby*

rises.

Cecil Graham. What is the matter?

Lord Windermere. Lord Darlington!

Lord Darlington. [*Turning round*] Yes!

Lord Windermere. What is my wife's fan doing
here in your

rooms? Hands off, Cecil. Don't touch me.

Lord Darlington. Your wife's fan?

Lord Windermere. Yes, here it is!

Lord Darlington. [*Walking towards him*] I don't
know I